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# WHIPPING-TOM:

C R,

# R O D

FOR A

# PROUD LADY,

Bundled up in FOUR Feeling

# DISCOURSES,

Both Serious and Merry.

In order to touch

## The FAIR SEX to the Quick.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| I. Of the Foppish Mode of taking Snuff.   | III. Of their Ridiculous Walking in red Cloaks, like Soldiers. |
| II. Of the Expensive Use of Drinking Tea. | IV. Of their Immodest Wearing of Hoop-Petticoats.              |

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*If our Grand-Dames of Old,  
From their Graves, could behold  
How their Daughters like Mad-women dress,  
As they lye in their Tombs,  
They'd repent, that their Wombs  
Ever bore such a whimsical Race.*

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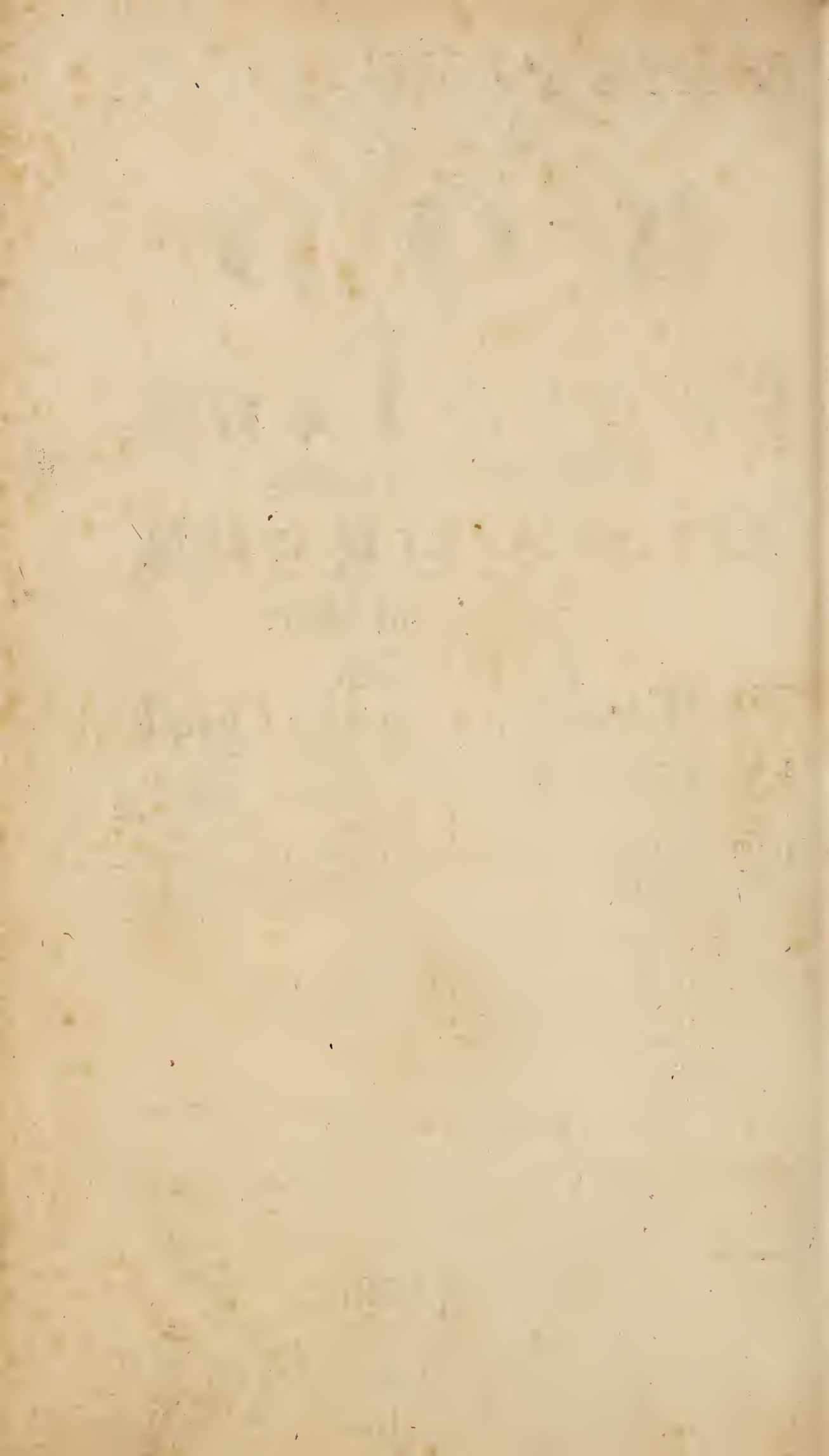
To which is added,  
A New Satyr, for the Use of the Female  
Voluntiers in Hyde-Park.

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The Fifth Edition.

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Price One Shilling.







# WHIPPING TOM:

O R, A

R O D for a proud L A D Y.]



## DISCOURSE I.

*The Foppish Mode of taking S N U F F.*



F all People under the Sun, none can be more vain, foppish, fantastical and proud, than those in that Part of the World which professes *Christianity*; and in *Christendom* again the Pride of the *English* far surpasses that of the *Spaniards*, heretofore reckoned the proudest People upon Earth. But that Epithet is now claim'd by only us, to the universal Scandal of a Nation whose Prowess keeps *Europe* in Awe; to the Grief of some bordering Neighbours, and to the indelible Infamy of our selves. Pride (tho' the most eloquent of the Prophets says, *God will stain it*) has within these few Years got such an Ascendant over

B

Humi-

Humility, that most People scorn all Business, but the Study of the Modes and Vices most in Vogue with the present Age ; and therein they spare not to rack their Brains, and rob the Soul as much of her natural as spiritual Rest, to supply the wanton World with Variety of wicked Inventions.

We that have the Happiness of dwelling in the Light of the Gospel, are too apt to have very uncharitable Thoughts of the poor *Pagans* sitting still in the Shadow of gross Ignorance and Infidelity ; but truly I should prefer their natural Simplicity, unaffected Carriage, and parsimonious Living, much above a Gold Snuff box, a Silver Tea-kettle, or an Hoop-petticoat embroider'd, for carrying me to Heaven. But let me farther tell you, those very *Pagans* who offer'd Incense unto Idols, knew very well that there was but one God ; when Nature spake in their Mouths, she made them speak like *Christians*, and they confess'd those Truths for which they persecuted the Martyrs, as a great Father of the Church thus observes. *Anima licet carcere corporis pressa, licet institutionibus quavis circumscripta, licet libidinibus & concupiscentiis evigorata, licet falsis diis exancillata : cum tamen respiscit, ut ex crapula, ut ex somno, ut ex aliqua valetudine, & sanitatem suam patitur, & Deum nominat solum, quod Deus dederit omnium vox est. O ! testimonium animæ naturaliter christianæ ; denique pronuntians, hæc non ad capitolium, sed cælum respicit : novit enim sedem Dei vivi. Tertull. Apolog. cap. 17.* Their Souls were naturally Christian ; when they were surprised with a Danger, they implor'd the Succour of the true God, and not that of their *Jupiter* : When they took any Oath, they rais'd up their Eyes towards Heaven, and not towards the *Capitol* ; for the other Place they knew to be the Residence of God. Thus they aspir'd, without Blame, to that  
Happi-



Happiness, which *Lucifer* could not do, but with Impiety.

Had it not been for Pride, or what we call Ambition, *Alexander* the Great would have contented himself with *Greece*, without the *Persian* Monarchy ; that proud Heart, to which the whole Globe seem'd too little, would have confin'd himself within his Father's Dominions, had not so many Victories, which did even out-do Hope, blown up his Ambition, and promised him the Conquest of the whole Earth. Nay, so exorbitant was the Omnipotency of Pride in this Monarch, that he was offended that his Conquests should be bounded by the Limits of the World : But yet, for all his Greatness, he who distributed the Crowns of Kings that he had conquer'd, and who made Sovereigns his Slaves, could not, when he saw his dear *Hephestion* dying, restore Health to his Favourite : And from the Vows which he offer'd up to Heaven for his Amendment, we may gather, that they were as much Evidences of his Impotency, as of his Sorrow ; and taught Mankind, that the Wishes of Princes witness their Weakness.

*Soloman*, the wisest of Men, says, the Lord hates a proud Look, and a Man's Pride shall bring him low. Therefore, what considerate Person would embrace this Vice, especially when a solid and lasting Happiness doth not always attend it ? Witness *Xerxes*, who, when he form'd the Design of conquering *Greece*, had an Army consisting of Two Millions of Men ; which dreadful Number of Horse and Foot drain'd up Rivers, and the Hail of Arrows shot from so many Hands darken'd the Sun ; however, *Leonidas* seiz'd upon the Streights of *Thermopylæ*, and intrenching himself in these Mountains, defeated this proud *Barbarian*, with no more than Three Hundred Men. 'Twas Pride prompted *Julius*

*Cæsar* to change the State of the *Roman* Commonwealth ; and *Pompey*, tho' an Usurper too, opposing the bold Enterprize, it occasion'd the Loss of the Lives of more than a Million of Men. The World was divided in their Quarrel, their Ambition put Arms into the Hands of all People ; their unjust War was the Ruin of their Country, and the Loss of its Liberty. The World doth yet bemoan the Disaster ; the Spoils of this Shipwreck are yet seen ; and the States of *Europe* are but so many Pieces, which did compose the Body of that puissant Republick. But their Ends were miserable ; for *Pompey* lost his Life by Treachery, and *Cæsar*, tho' an Emperor, was murdered in the Senate-house at *Rome*.

Indeed Pride is a great Progenitor of Grief, Envy, and Murder ; for the ambitious Temper of bloody Queen *Mary I.* seizing her with Grief at the Disgrace of losing *Calais*, it made her declare, that if she was open'd, they would find *Calais* writ on her Heart. Yet I must acknowledge, that Grief cannot be forborn in some Cases ; as Parents grieving for the Death of Children : Children for the Death of Parents ; Husbands for the Death of Wives, and Wives for the Death of Husbands. Therefore, in such Cases as these, and some others, I utterly dislike the *Stoicks* most rigid looking upon all the bad Events of Fortune with an equal Eye ; saying also, that if they shed some Tears upon the Tombs of their Ancestors, or chance to sigh for their perishing Country, their Souls are no whit mov'd ; for they behold all these Disasters without any Disquiet, according to this of *Virgil*, *Aeneid* 4.

*Mens immota manet, lacrymæ voluntur inanes.*

But



But let their severe *Philosophy* say what it will, I shall not believe the Doctrine of it can destroy Nature; nor that she ever made a wise Man of one from whom she takes the Feelings of a Man: So hoping my Reader will Pardon this short Digression, I shall proceed, as I had began above, to the other bad Effects of Pride. This Offspring of the Devil is the Parent of Envy, which made us see in the Day-break of the World, that a Man might die in the Flower of his Age, and that one Brother was not secure in the Company of another. 'Twas this Passion found out Weapons to dispeople the Earth, and to ruinate God's goodliest Workmanship. 'Twas this, that making Man forget the Sweetness of his Nature, taught him to mingle Poisons in Liquors; to shed human Blood at Banquets; and to kill under Pretence of Hospitality. And 'twas this that first instituted that fatal Art, which teaches us how to murder with Method; how to kill Men handsomly; and which forces us to approve of Parricide, if it be done according to the Laws of the World. Our own Histories tell us, that the Dutches of *Somerſet*, upon the Account of her Husband's high Station, in being Protector over the Minority of King *Edward VI.* claiming Precedency over the Wife of *Thomas Seymour*, Baron of *Sudley*, and High-Admiral of *England*; but the other, *Catherine Parr*, as having been Queen to King *Henry VIII.* refusing to grant her that Prehemen- cy, their Pride fomented such Envy betwixt their Husbands, tho' they were own Brothers, that the Duke never ceas'd, till he was reveng'd on *Sudley*, by causing him to be attained of some treasonable Articles, for which he was beheaded on *Tower-hill*: But not many Years after, the Protector himself (being fallen into Dislike among the Lords) at the same Place receiv'd the same Fate; which  
some

some look'd upon as a Judgment, for so rigorously persecuting his Brother. Thus the *Poets* (who are the most excellent Painters of our Affections) would represent unto us the Deformity of Envy in the Persons of *Eteocles* and *Polynice*, two Brothers, who continued their Hatred after Death, and who went to end the Combat in Hell, which they had began on Earth ; for this Passion lived in their Bodies depriv'd of Sense, it pass'd by a secret Contagion into their funeral Pile, and wag'd War in the Flames which were to consume them. When a Man hath given himself over to the Tyranny of an envious Pride, he thinks he can never purchase the Pleasures of Revenge at too dear a Rate. Propose whatever Punishment you list unto him, he is therewithal well pleased, provided his Passion may be satisfied. *Atreus* wishes to be overwhelm'd under the Ruins of his Palace, provided it falls upon his Brother's Head ; and so cruel a Death seems pleasing to him, so as he is therein accompanied by *Thyestes*. And thus *Hippolytus* in *Seneca* cries out, in Act 2.

*Detestor omnes, horreo, fugio, execror.  
 Sit ratio, sit natura, sit dirus furor.  
 Odisse placuit, ignibus junges aquas ;  
 Et amica ratibus ante promittet vada  
 Incerta Syrtis ; ante ab extremo sinu  
 Hesperia Tethys lucidum attollet diem ;  
 Et ora damis blanda præbebunt lupi ;  
 Quam victus animum fœminæ mitem geram.*

Thus Englished.

*I hate, fly, curse, detest them all.  
 Call't Reason, Nature, Madness, as you please :  
 In a true Hatred of them there's some Ease ;*



*The Water it shall kindly dwell with Fire,  
 Dread Gulphs shall be the Mariner's Desire ;  
 Out of the West shall be the Break of Day,  
 And cruel Wolves with tender Lambs shall play ;  
 Before a Woman gains my conquer'd Mind,  
 To quit this Hatred, and to grow more kind.*

In our Chronicles it is also to be read, how barbarously King *Richard III.* murder'd his Nephews King *Edward V.* and the young Prince. The Commission of this inhuman Crime was the Effect of Pride, which ambitiously inciting him to usurp the Crown, his wicked Resolution tempted him to swim to the Throne thro' the Blood of his Brother's Children. But as two Apostles, namely, *St. James* and *St. Peter* assure us, *God resisteth the proud* ; for this Usurper shortly after lost his Life in *Bosworth Field*. And furthermore, the Downfal of Pride is evidently seen in painted *Jezabel*, whose royal Blood was lick'd up by Dogs ; in *Vashti*, whom *Abazuerus*, the *Persian* Monarch, excluded from his Throne ; in wicked *Haman*, who was hang'd on the Gallows he had prepar'd for *Mordecai* ; and in *Herod*, who was eaten of Worms, for permitting his Pride to assume that Glory which was due only to God.

Now I come to the Foppish Mode of taking Snuff, which of late Years is become so ridiculous in *England*, that, at the first excessive Use of it, meeting a Fop in the *Strand*, besmear'd from nasty Nostrils to the very Ears, I took him then for that strange Creature that had been brought from *Africk*, and hung up (it being much at the same time too) for a Show at *Moncrief's* Coffee-house, behind the *Royal-Exchange*. In the primitive Times of taking this exotick, or outlandish Commodity, it was sparingly taken out of a Spring-Pipe fixt to a wooden Box



Box in the Shape of a Pear ; but now the Mob is as difficult in the Shapes of their Boxes, as in the Manner of taking what they contain. Some will have them circular, others oval, some in the Form of a Parallelogram or oblong square, and others as lewd as foppish, made in the Shape of what Nature forms, to bring such Beasts into the World. On the Inside of the Lids must be fixt a Looking-Glass, to shew the Indecorums of an ugly Face, a *Cupid* wounding Hearts with his Bow and Arrows, a *Venus* lying ready to entertain *Mars*, or painted with more obscene and lascivious Pieces than can be shewn in *Aretine's* Postures.

But here ends not the Foppishness of our modern Snuff Takers ; for when now even Carmen and Porters, Chairmen and Hackney Coachmen, Skipkennels, and others of our Sham-Gentry get together, the little Eloquence their Illiterateness allows them, is display'd in nonsensical Harangues on the Goodness and Virtues of *Burgomot*, *Spanish*, *Bologn*, or *Scotch* Snuff, which last generally among the inferior Fops, bears away the Bell from the others, for Wholsomness, because the Tobacco whereof it is made, is first chew'd, next dry'd and smoak'd, and then the Ashes grounded fine in a Pocket-Wood-Mill ; by which we may see that the *Scots*, too, tho' with the *French*, and *Irish*, they are the nastiest People on the Face of the Earth, are coming into Vogue for a polite and cleanly Nation.

Sometimes a great Part of their Discourse is spent in commending this or that *Perfumer*, for selling the best Snuff, and finding Fault with others : But now as for the managing of this idle Companion, they are as much plagu'd as the Gentlewomen belonging to the Wives of the late



late *South Sea* Directors, were to pin up the Tails of their Mantua's in the *South-Sea* Fashion; for some only just dip the Tip of the middle Finger into the Box, not the fore Finger, because old Women say, 'tis poysonous in either rubbing, anointing, or scratching any sore Place; then this Nostrill's play'd with, then t'other, with which Paastime the Person using it is as well pleas'd, as if his Breech had been Tickled with a Straw. Others take a Pinch betwixt the Thumb and fore Finger, which are apply'd to the right Nostril with the Palm upwards, and to the left Nostril, with the Back of the Hand outward: some betwixt Finger and Thumb hold it perhaps a Quarter or half an Hour, not Snuffing it, but daubing it with such unbecoming Airs (especially the Female Sex) under their Nostrills, that 'tis enough to make one Spew, to see the excrementitious Matter of the Head, mingled with Snuff hanging under their Snot-Gauls; and others take Snuff so slovenly but rather, out of a careless Pride, that Beard, Neckcloth, Waistcoat and Coat, being all Colour'd with a Yellow Hue, a Man not acquainted with the Mode, would swear they were all *Gold-Finders* or to speak more intelligibly, what we vulgarly call *Tom T---d Men*.

Our *English* Women (as above noted) do so transform the Physiognomy with this nasty Snuff that Foreigners take them to be young Soldiers, with long Mustachoes or Whiskers, especially too when they see the Variety of Postures, they use in handling a Snuff Box which in Time will exceed all the Motions an Adjutant shews, in the Exercise of a Battalion of Foot. Whatsoever Pride a Man can invent, to be sure a Woman will follow him if he goes to the D...l for it. A

C

Woman



Woman now is so enamour'd with the Modes and Vices of this Age, that she can Sin as ingeniously as the expertest Fop that ever appear'd in the Side-Boxes and Pit of a Play-House; for this, you must know, is to better her Understanding; and she thereby becomes as acute at Raillery and Rapartee, as a Victualler dextrous in drawing the Mathematical Figures of Lines, Circles, and Semicircles, withoat a pair of Compasses.

O! *Tempora*, O! *Mores*, O! *Times* O! *Manners* and an Age quite accurst with an impetuous Inundation of Pride; for a Fish-Woman at *Billings-Gate*, cannot scold now without a Snuff-Box in her swell'd Paws, half cover'd with Yarn Mittens; *Crispin's* Wife must be Snuffing whilst her Husband is stretching out his Leather as large as his Conscience; the Butcher's Froe in blue Apron, is always clogging her Nose with as much Filth, as her Husband does Infection into Veal, by blowing it up with his stinking Breath, thro' a foul Tobacco Pipe; the Baker's Wife is in the snuffing Humour, whilst Mr. *Pillory* her Husband is grinding the Face of the Poor, with light Bread in fine; a Laundry Ma'd can't iron her Linnen, a Kitchen-Wench baste her Meat, a Nurse wash her Sh---t--- Clouts, nor a Chamber Maid empty her Close-Stool, without a Pinch of Snuff forsooth which they crave for, as much as a *Bear* does for Honey; a *Welshman*, toasted Cheese; a *Scotchman*, oat-ten Barnock; an *Irishman*, Bonnyclabber; a *Spaniard* a patch'd Cloak; a *Dutchman*, Butter; and a *Frenchman* the Pox.

I do not disallow the Use of Snuff, if taken in a moderate Way to cleanse the Head or brain; but when it is only us'd (and esdecially with Quality in Disguise, that is, by such Sort of People as a  
bove



bove-mention'd; out of a proud, ostentatious Way of displaying Vanity in its highest Perfection, it must make them shrink into the despicable Contempt of every Country Clown; and more odious than that *Roman* Emperor, whose Name and Memory, will ever strangely favour of the very Piss of the People. So habituated are Folks to the taking of Snuff, that I believe it is the last thing they think of, when they depart the World; for it is not long since, that a young Gentlewoman, lying upon her Death Bed, whilst the Minister was in the midst of his Prayers, appointed by the Rubrick of the Church of *England*, to be said at the Visitation of the sick Persons, she earnestly call'd out to her Husband, and desired him to take Care of her Snuff Box when she was dead, and keep it carefully for her Sake. But besides the taking of Snuff out of Pride, a too frequent Use of it, whether plain or scented, is very prejudicial to the Health, in opening the Head too much, whereby violent Colds are catch'd, or else in stopping up the Passages of Respiration in the Head or Throat, which occasions Asthma's, and other Shortnesses of Breath; as has been found in the Opening of some great Snuff-Takers, on whose Lungs and Brains, have been found Clods or Lumps of Snuff, bigger than Walnuts, or Pigeons Eggs, which have been the sole Cause of their Death.

Some People are most violently enamour'd with this Snuff, for Captain *Bird* could not be hang'd with a safe Conscience till he had a Pinch given him at *Tyburn*; and an old antiquated Gentlewoman, just going to follow her Teeth, which had been gone from her these thirty Years and better, and the intricate Wrinkles of whose primitive Face, look'd as awkward as the crabbed Letters of the *Arabick* Alphabet, gasping her last, call'd for her



her Snuff Box, out of which taking a Pinch with a dying Decorum, the poor Creature fetch'd one Sigh, and went away like a Lamb. By the Way tho' I should have taken Notice, that the Snuff at first was denyed by her Frerds, because it had been the Cause of her Illness; but she persisting to have it, and saying she would not dye till she had a Pinch, they then gave it her to put her out of her Pain: Thus did she shew a Resolution as strong as *Throgmorton* an *English* Jesuit at *St. Omers*, who refus'd very peremptorily to give up the Ghost, when he lay at the Point of Death, till he had a Licence from his Superiour. Truly it is my *Utinam*, that the Poet's Fiction of *Pandora's* Box, (into which all the Gods and Goddesses spitting, it dispers'd, when she open'd it, a different Plague over the World) may not prophetically indigitate, such Plagues shall overtake the intolerable Pride of *England*, as will make the most wicked and most distemper'd Sinners to acknowledge the Hand of God in the Dispensation of his Judgments.



DISCOURSE B





## DISCOURSE II.

### *The Expensive Use of drinking Tea.*



Ethinks, while I undertake a Discourse against Pride, and the Fooler-ies of Men, especially, that have been rivetted into their Nature, and have gotten sure hold in their Hearts, besides the Plea of Possession, Time out of Mind, I had as good hold my Tongue, for all will be to no Purpote. But *Facta est alea*, let the Die run as it will, 'tis good however to let 'em see their Folly.

One would prudently suppose, it should be too late for Sin and Hell, to play over again their old Games, now in this declining Age of the World, while we see all the Earth almost to have been desolated into Rubbish by meer Pride and Ambition. All the Nations and Kingdoms, that were once glorious, to be thrown down into Destruction and ruinous Heaps. The four great Monarchies of the Universe, gobbled up by the Lions, that support the Throne of God's Justice. The Fierceness of his Indignation, burning up the *Sansuary* of his Holiness, and seizing on the Habitation and Glory of his Delight, and his very People made an Hissing and Reproach to the World. God for these five thousand Years and more, hath been scattering abroad the  
Arrows



Arrows of his Rage, hunting out after the Proud to humble them; and yet we Worms take no Warning. Why, open thy Eyes, Reader, and consider, how many Millions Sin and Judgment have sent into the Dungeons of Darknels, and thou art Dancing on the very Brink of the same Precipice yet wilt not see it: No, not though the Almighty has brought the Tragedies of Antiquity, and acted them over again at your own Doors. Thou hast seen the Time, when our Enemies sail'd up the River of *Thames* so near us, that it struck a Terror into the Hearts of all; I mean when the *Dutch* took away one of our Capital Ships, lying in Harbour at *Chatham*; which ought to be an Astonishment to us to think a novel and upstart Common-Wealth Nation, lately feeble and poor, whining and submissive, should arrive at the ingrateful Boldness to provoke a powerful and mighty Kingdom; that they should be permitted, to disappoint and baffle our strongest Preparations, and come to such a Height of Presumption, as to endeavour to fix upon us Marks and Characters, of perpetual Ignominy and Dishonour. Thou hast seen the sad Scene of two Wars, holding as long as that of *Troy* whereby the Fields in *Spain* and *Flanders*, have been sufficiently dy'd with *English* Blood. Thou hast seen the Flames of *Sodom* burning up one of the most considerable Cities in the World, when above 13000 Houses, besides the Cathedral, Churches, Halls and other publick Edifices, in our most famous Metropolis, where by a most dreadful Conflagration laid in Ashes. Thou hast seen the Pestilence of *Egypt*, raging in your own Streets, when the silent Murmurs of 100000 Souls, seem'd to mutter out the frustrated End of their being lock'd up in Darknels, tho' the Happiness was only to themselves



a being deliver'd from Plagues more infectious, than those that destroy'd them. All these Calamities (I say again) many of you have seen with your own Eyes; but yet instead of becoming religious and virtuous, we glory in being an atheistical, shameless, immodest, ranting, hectoring, and God damning People: but take Notice, our Iniquities will at last be our Ruin; for if ye shall still be so wickedly, ye shall be consum'd both ye and your King. 1 Sam. 12. 25.

It is a most notorious Aggravation to Heaven, to behold how horribly exorbitant we are, in the Voluptuousness of Eating and Drinking. The Business of Diet, which formerly was the Care and Talk of Women to their Caterers and Cooks, is now become the Study and Discourse of Men; even Nobles and Gentry, whose Brains are sunk into their Guts, and so are become very Skilful in the Belly-Science; for they have invented Rarities never heard of in former Ages, and are so early ripe in this Art and Mystery of boyling, roasting, frying, broiling, baking, and stewing of Flesh, Fish, and Fowl; that before they have study'd *Grammar* or *Philosophy*, they are profound Masters in all the Niceties of Cookery: Nor are they less skilful in Drinks than Meats and it is a Thing that adds much to their Reputation, that there is not any Sort of Wine, growing in any Part of *France*, *Germany*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Portugal*, or on the *Rhine*, but they have the particular Name thereof, more ready than their *Creed* or *Pater-noster*; and will entertain you with a Score at least in one Meal.

This is the Way that ancient Mannors have exchanged their Lords; this is the Way that goodly Houses have been boyled away in luxurious Jellies, and this is the Way that whole Acres have been Gulp'd



gulp'd down the Throat for a Morning's Draught. But still to add to this Luxury, there is a new Whim come up of late call'd *Tea*; which because it is far fetch'd, and dear bought it is therefore Drink for *Beaus*: And so common is it become amongst us now, that every Servant-Wench, before she handles her Mop and Pail, must have forsooth a Dish of this *Indian* or *Chinese* Liquor: There is scarce a Trull in any Market about *London*, or *Mechanicks* Drab, but what must have her Load of hot Water and Sugar, five or six Times a Day, to the no small Charge, of the poor contented Cuckolds their Husbands, when they consider, that a Japann'd Tea-Table, a Tea-Kettle, a Stand, a Tea pot a Canister, a Sugar-Box, *China* Dishes, Silver-Spoons, and a Fork, cannot be had for nothing; besides what it costs in Tea, Sugar, and Bread and Butter, for the Support of this fantastick and useless Equipage; insomuch that a Tradesman, had better trust his Hand in the Mouth of a Lion, his Substance to the Management of a Whore, his Conscience to a Horse Courser, or his Religion to a Synagogue of *Jews*, than his Purse in the Hands of his Wife, that's a Tea-Drinker; unless it is his Ambition to make the *Mint* his *Asylum*, and there voluntarily become himself his own Prisoner *durante Vitâ*.

Being once invited to a particular Acquaintance of mine to a Fish Dinner, providing in *Drury-Lane*, at a Tavern which put out their for a Sign, the Resemblance of that Piece of Iron which People, who are Superstitiously affected, nail on the Thresholds of their Doors, to keep out Witches, I no sooner enter'd the Room, pretty well fill'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, but, making one Bow of the best and last Edition

serve



serve them all, by what Name soever they were dignify'd or distinguish'd, I sat down at the Table; where hearing two of the Company, who took upon 'em the Office of carving for us all, cry one to the other, *splay that Bream, side that Haddock, culpon that Trout, transen that Eel, barb that Lobster, chine that Salmon, &c.* I began to listen, like a Sow in Beans, if I could hear any high Wind stirring, for I verily thought they were going to raise Old Nick. However, it prov'd otherwise, and I was not half so much frighted, as when I was first entertain'd at a Tea-Collation; for seeing a Gentlewoman, that sat next me taking up a pair of Tongs, she struck me with such a *Pannick* Fear, as thinking she was going to serve me as St. *Dunstan* did the Devil, that I clapt my Hands to my Nose, and there kept 'em, till I found the Use of 'em was only to sweeten Water bewitch'd with a Lump of Loaf-Sugar. Then as many Postures must be us'd, in drinking a Dish of *Tea*, as taking a Pinch of *Snuff*; some holding the Rim at the Bottom of the Dish, betwixt their Thumb and the first, second, and third Fingers; others holding the Top and Bottom of the Dish, betwixt the Thumb and middle Finger only, with the Palm of the Hand outwards, so that one skill'd in *Chiromancy*, may easily tell their Fortunes, by looking on the Marks of their polluted Hands: Then to fill up the Chinks of the Belly, a Plate of Bread and Butter is brought, cut into such thin Slices, that one may with the Breath blow it up in the Air, for a longer Space, than your Children can Bladders made of Soap and Water. On this they have no more Mercy than a *Tallyman* on his Creditor; and less on the *Tea*, of which they'll guz-

zle more in a Day, than an old Basket Woman will *Geneva* in a Week ; Morning, Noon, and Night, it is their Diversion, to drink this Liquor so plentifully, as if they meant to carry Water enough in their Bellies, to quench the Flames of Hell, whenever they go thither ; for Luxury and Pride was always reckon'd the streight Road to Damnation.

Then to hear insignificant Chit-chat, and dull impertinent Discourse, which these Tatterdemalions, your Exchange-Girls and Shop-Keepers Froes have over their *Tea*, would make the lunatick Inhabitants of *Bedlam* laugh at'em ; their gossiping over their Sippings, would make a Fool loath their Conversation ; nor can it be expected that the Discourse, flowing from the meer Scum of the Nation, can in the least be half so edifying, as that which comes from our polite Ladies, who are addicted to the same Folly ; for to be sure a great deal is to be gather'd from them, when enquiring of their Gentlewomen, how the Doctor lik'd such a Lady's last Water, how this Monkey slept last Night, that Dog this Morning, that Parrot talk'd to Day ; oh ! this is far more harmless and innocent, than when a Parcel of Jilts get drinking of *Tea* together, for their Discourse, can only shew that they were debauch'd in their Mothers Wombs, and so came Whores into the World.

*Tea* is become so common now, that every *Mercer's* Journeyman must have a Dish before he can settle to the Shop ; every *Lawyer's* Clerk must warm his Guts with hot Water, before he can fix himself to his Desk ; every *Player*, who (tho' he stiles himself his Majesty's Servant) is but a Vagabond by Statute, must have a Dish before



before he can get his Cue; and every *Bully* that goes, thro' his Familiarity with the *Pox*, as if his Limbs were ty'd together with Packthread, must have a Dish to talk over his foul and obscene Discourse; that one as little acquainted with God as himself, would be apt to conclude, Nature had spoil'd him in the making, by setting his Mouth at the wrong End of his Body.

To many Men, but most to Women, this foreign Liquor of *Bohea-Tea*, is so precious, that, was the drinking of it forbidden by Holy Writ, they would have it in spite of any divine Law whatever; they would out-brave Pope *Julius III.* who being forbidden Pork by his *Physicians*, as not agreeing with his Distemper, he valiantly swore, he would have Pork *in despite of G—d himself*: By which you may see, that tho' his Holiness, is more cruel than the *Turks*, yet he's not so superstitious as the *Jews*. Surely both Men and Women, must be intoxicated with Folly and Madness, to be bigotted to a Liquor, which insensibly enervates their Vigour, fills 'em with dropical Humours, and at last will throw 'em into dangerous Paroxysms, or Shakings of the *Palsy*. And so much greater must the Folly and Madness be, in the meer Offals, Rascality, and Chippings of the People, to entail Diseases on themselves, when their Purses cannot relieve them, with the Assistance of a good *Physician*. 'Tis a Custom, they say, at the Creation of Knights of the *Bath*, for the King's Master-Cook to come forth, and present his great Knife to the new made Knights, admonishing them to be faithful and valiant; otherwise he threatens them, that very Knife is prepar'd to cut off their Spurs: But now we have such a Multitude of Knights

and Ladies, of their own Creation, behaving themselves so unworthy of that Dignity, that the Under-Scullions of the Kitchin, would be tir'd sufficiently, with cut ing off the Combs of their Honour; and sure some sharp-edg'd Instrument or other, must be whetted to do the Execution, some severe Laws to crop off the Monsters Heads in Time; or 'tis to be fear'd, God himself will take it into his own Hands, and make more bloody Work than t'others would among them.



DISCOURSE





## DISCOURSE III.

*The ridiculous Walking in red Cloaks  
like Soldiers.*

**T**HOSE that glitter in soft Cloathing, may be respected in Kings Houses; but without Faith, Repentance, and true Devotion, they are of no reckoning in God's House: And such Correspondence there is between God and the King, that I could never yet read of any, who neglected the Service of their Master in Heaven, did ever true Service to their Master on Earth. This Observation brings me to take Notice of the Ambition of our *English* Ladies, which is grown so very high and towering, that they seem resolv'd, to consecrate this Age into a perfect *Jubilee*, and make every Eye, to usher in an Holy-Day of Pleasure and Gayness; they have forgotten the old reverend Custom of their Grand-Mothers, whose Wedding-Gowns and Kerchiefs never saw Light, but on the solemn Anniversaries of *Christmas*, *Easter*, and *Whitsun-Tide*, while these celebrate an everlasting *Christmas*, and dress on *Saturdays* for the *Stage*, with more nice Preparations, than the next Morning for the *Church*; and begin the Week, with the same Zeal to their Vanity, as they ended it.

Excess in Apparel now is become so common, even from Women of Quality, down to Scullion  
Wenches,

Wenches, that I believe it will be but in vain to arraign a particular Vice, that is the very Mother and Nurse of all the rest, and that is Pride; yet I'll venture to subjoin here an Observation of Sir *Thomas More*, who once seeing a young Lady trick'd up, in the most excessive Curiosity of Attire, said to her: *Mistress, unless God gives you Hell for all this Labour and Pains of Dress, he will do you great Injury.* Alas! our Women in these Days, look more like Puppets, or Anticks in some Carnaval, than the Production of human Nature; for see how they deform themselves, by wearing Mens Hats, Perukes, and close-body'd Coats, when they ride on Horse-Back; insomuch that our nice and mincing Dames in *England*, spend their whole Lives for the most part in the Study and Care of decking, painting, and beautifying themselves, with such gaudy Habits, as if they intended to make the Tempter of *Eve* fall in Love with 'em.

To such a prodigious Height is Pride arriv'd, that Servants are, in their Appârel, more costly than their Masters and Mistresses; Yeomen and Yeomens Sons, are herein equal to Gentlemen of good Estates; Gentlemen compare with Lords; Lords with Kings; and Ladies with Queens. Besides, as Men and Women exceed in the Substance of Appârel, so also in the Form; they daily blazon their abominable Pride in their Inconstancy; for no Colour, no Shape, nor Fashion contents 'em long. One while we imitate the *Spaniard*, another while the *French*; one while the *Italian*, another while the *Dutch*; every Nation is a several Pattern for us, without reflecting, that Appârel was at first appointed by God, only for a Covering to hide our Shame.



Men also are not without their Follies of this Kind; for your pragmatistical *Beaus*, will trick themselves up as if they were dressing for their Lives, taking as much Care that nothing be amiss in their Apparel, as a Gentleman-Usher does in handing, siding, shouldering, and footing his Lady; the Cane must be swing'd after a careless Air; the Ribbon must hang to a Hair's Breadth at his Sword, which is worn more for Fashion than Use, when a just and honourable Cause requires; the Handkerchief must hang so many Inches, and no more, out of the Coat-Pocket; the Nose blown with Discretion; and if he's dancing at a Ball, he endeavours to shew so many strange Postures, as if he was afraid of retaining that Shape, which God and Nature had given him: In his Speech he mimicks Effeminacy; in the Company of Women he is often pulling out Love-Letters, which perhaps he can no more read, than some Apothecaries can the Supercriptions on their Galley-Pots; and if on his dying Bed, his Pride makes him, instead of making his Peace with Heaven, do his best to go out of the World with a formal Decency, (just like *Augustus*, the Roman Emperor, who, when he felt the Assaults of Death invading him, call'd for his Looking-Glass, and commanded his Hair and Beard to be comb'd, his shrivell'd Cheeks to be smooth'd up, then asking Friends, if he had acted his Part well upon the Stage of the World, who told him he had: Well, saith he, *Vos omnes plaudite*) sure he went off very trimly. I shall not take Notice of their wearing more Wig than Brains, because what the Modesty of *England* hath been as to that Punctilio in former Times, (however vain enough in other Fooleries) the Galleries and Dining-Rooms of our Nobility and Gentry,



Gentry, will yet abundantly testify from the brave Images of their Ancestors, whose open'd Ears never valu'd the Coldness of the Winds. To look no farther back than *Harry* the Eighth's Days, (who had Face enough, as well as Codpiece, for two Kings, and Wives enough for three, and yet Hair little enough too) we may easily collect what was then the general Cut. King *James I.* was also a Stranger to a Peruke; but the *Puritans*, in the Reign of the Royal Martyr, to distinguish themselves from their Neighbours, took on them an extraordinary short Cut; and their Neighbours in Opposition to them espous'd a long on, because they would not be reputed *Round-Heads*; and in nothing outwardly, were the two Parties so much differenc'd as in their Hair, and happy had it been that the Quarrel had ended in the Barbers Scissars, which we all know broke out into the long Sword, and instead of pulling each other by the Ears a little, they fell to stabbing one another in the Guts.

But now let me return again to the Pride of my Heart, the poor, dear Women; who, from my talking of Pictures, may plead that Queen *Elizabeth's* Picture every where shews how great an Admirer she was of Jewels, and that she spar'd for no Cost in her Cloaths; farthermore, that *Abraham's* Wife had Jewels, therefore why may not they wear good Cloaths, and fine Nick-knacks to set them off? To which I reply, that Queen *Elizabeth* being the Representative of him, who is cloath'd with Light, as with a Garment, and as crown'd Heads are Gods upon Earth, they should (at least in their solemn Appearances) dart out some Rays of Majesty and Lustre, like him they personate. Again, if she did bring up the Fashion of Vardingals, it might be perhaps upon the same

Account



Account as you now wear *Riding hoods* and Hoop-Petticoats, to hide (if she had any) the great Belly she had by the Earl of *Essex*: And it is very observable, that the first Jewels we read of in Scripture, should be found in the Closet of the best Lady in the World: Not but that they might be common before that Time, but we read of none till *Sarah's* Cabinet is presented to *Rebecca*, and Envy itself will never repine at those Arms wearing Bracelets, that kneaded Cakes for Angels. But our Ladies are, I fear, too fine to deal in Dough; and the very Angels shall fast, rather than they'll kneel to Kneading-Troughs.

Is not this true? Yes, I'm sure on't; unless, like *Dorcas*, they'll take in Hand the Flax and Spindle, the better to pass the Time away; and dress themselves up in Cloth of their own Spinning. Learn to deck yourselves in the Silk of Sincerity, the Sattin of Sanctity, and the Purple of Modesty. But why talk I of Sincerity, Sanctity, and Modesty, to a Woman? Since *Plautus* says, that a Woman and a Ship are never sufficiently rigg'd; therefore, if any Man wants Work, or Business for his Money, let him get a Ship or a Wife. I think naked Necks and Shoulders are not yet quite out of Fashion; they'll still let the Devil perch himself upon the little Mounts of their exposed Breasts; which was a Sight so odious to the very Heathens, that *Sulpicius* meeting his Wife in publick without her Veil, divorc'd her for that Impudence, as thinking it impossible such a Looseness could consist with Virtue; and she that departed from the Grace of her Modesty, was obliged to take leave too of the Honour of his Bed.

Peacocks and other Birds are graced with a natural Beauty, whereas yours is but a borrow'd Glory, from Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, which must bow to Time, and shake Hands, e'er it be long, with Mortality. But what cares Pride for Death! Every pitiful Mechanick's Wife will be aping a Lady: Thus the whole Kingdom is in Masquerade; and one cannot tell a common Whore from a Jilt of Quality. Alas! if a young Girl's now surpriz'd in her *Disabile* or unperfect Dress, or with a foul Pair of Gloves, she's ready to sink down with Fear and Shame, as if that were enough to break off the Match; not considering how far she imposes on the Folly and Indiscretion of her Addressee, who should by that, respect more the outward niceties than the inward Virtues, and court rather the Cloaths than the Woman; when yet there is not the least Pin stuck into Head or Heart towards a Preparation for a better Husband, who has told her before-hand, that he will come when she little thinks on't, and commanded her therefore to be *always ready*, lest she be surpriz'd by him too, and found in such a State as will make him abhor her for ever.

What hath undone both Gentlemen and mean Men in our Country, so much as their Wives Backs and Bellies? Pride and Profusion have brought them into the greatest Distress, which the utmost Severity of Fortune can inflict upon unhappy Wretches. As our Noblemen will scarce have a *Valet de Chambre*, so their Ladies cannot wear Cloaths but of a *French* Taylor's shaping, no Language will go down with 'em but the *French* Tongue, no Victuals palatable but what's dress'd by a *French* Cook, and I think no Religion but the *French* can content their Souls: But pray, what will be the End thereof? There

is



is a Disease among us call'd by that Name too ; I wish it was Epidemical among you, and then ye would be frenchify'd with a *Pox* to you. Then your Time must be spent in taking Pills, Bolus's, and Diet-Drinks, instead of Painting and Patching your selves. What *Magick* has charm'd our unfortunate Isle into the woful Product of such speckled and spotted Cattle as these ? Surely, they are not the natural Issue of our fair and beautiful Climate ; or if they be, their abominable Patches, which make their Faces look like Plum-Puddings, are only stuck on to glory in the unparallell'd Insolence of marring the Works of God, or else to cut the Throat of Chastity. But some perhaps may say, This is an uncharitable Censure ; cannot an honest Lady paint ? Ask the Prophet, who speaks these Words : *Thou didst wash thy self, and paintedst thy Eyes, and deckedst thy self with Ornaments*, Ezek. xxiii. 40. To what End ? Why, to sit upon a *stately Bed*, ver. 41. In a Readiness against her Lovers came in, for there were a *Multitude*, ver. 42. Will she now commit *Whoredoms with them* ? ver. 43. That is without doubt, for *they went in unto her*, ver. 44. So there's the Depth of the Plot, and what a Matter have we found out ? True indeed ! no such Matter of Wonder now-a-days, when Whoring is become the chief Trade of the Nation.

I cannot perceive what Necessity there is for Masks, unless it is a Project of the Women to cover some horrid Defects in the Phiz ; and so is like *Caligula's* wearing a Needle-work Cloak, embroider'd with more Colours than are in the Rainbow, and all bestudded with precious Stones, to divert his Spectators from being frightened with his crabbed and hideous Face. Happy were those Days, when Pitchers, Water-Pots, and Sheep-

Hooks, were not thought hurtful to Womens Hands ; but Prodigality now has got such an elevated Ascension over the Hearts of Women, whether Maids, Wives, or Widows, that they know not what to wear ; every dirty Drab, tho' she has not above Fifty Shillings a Year Wages, is as difficult as a Dutcheſs, and thinks herſelf out of the World, if out of a *Riding-hood* : A Fashion ſaid to be originally invented by Pope Joan, that moſt notorious Whore of *Babylon*, who was publickly deliver'd of a Baſtard in the Streets of *Rome* ; and reviv'd by our Female *Shoplifters*, for the more unſuſpected robbing People of their Goods. Now theſe Baubles are become the Garb of all Women, tho' it adds nothing to the ſhewing the due Symmetry, Shape, and Proportion of their Bodies ; and therefore they are worn upon the ſame Account for which Coaches were firſt uſed ; for they were firſt invented by a Prince that had gouty Legs, and ill-ſhapen Feet, in which the upper Parts appear in all the Decorum of Majeſty and Perfection, without the leaſt Jealouſy of any natural Failure below.

If our Women will not throw off a vain Cuſtom and intolerable Pride, condemn'd by all the holy Saints in the World, how would they put on the pitch'd Coat of Martyrdom, which Nero clapp'd on the Backs of the more faithful Adorers of the Bleſſed *Jeſus* ? They were contented to double their Torments, and valu'd not to be ſcalded as well by the Pitch as the Flames. Alas ! Ladies, why is *Mary Magdalen*, whoſe Beauty had captivated ſo many Hearts, ſet out in the Goſpel, for the moſt notorious Example of Sin and Grace ? But to let you know, her new Lover (who had put into Joint her broken Soul, and caged up her wandering Affections in his  
own



own Bosom) is as ready to act Miracles for you too, and discover to you the Charms of a Saviour, which a Legion of other Pretenders can never propose to court you with: And tho' your Presumption suggests that you stand in less need of his Favour than she; yet, if Scripture can convince you, there are Adulteries of the Breast, which you repeat every Day, and others of the Eye and Heart, with which you tempt your Admirers to a frequent Guilt of, I fear you will want a great Weight of Sope, to wash away your Crimes; and while they wear the Crimson Dye, will require the Blood of a God to whiten you into Snow.



DISCOURSE



## DISCOURSE IV.

### *Of the immodest wearing Hoop-Petticoats.*

**O**UR Chronicles tell us, that when the Chamberlain of *William Rufus* brought him a Pair of Hose of Three Shillings, which then might be equal to Ten now, he very passionately threw them away, and would have a Pair of a Mark : What then ? This was now Extravagancy in a King : for, as I observ'd in my last Discourse, Princes ought to be dress'd in the brightest Robes of Royalty, to distinguish them from their Subjects. They have their peculiar Garments, as well as their Ministers of State ; who are also differently cloathed from others, *non proper molliciem, sed proper professionem*, not from any Luxury, but Distinction.

But what I have hitherto said, I would not be understood as if I had a Disrespect to rich Attire, but would have all go according to their Station and Quality ; for it would be as ridiculous for an Earl to wear coarse Cloth, as for the poorest of his Tenants to swagger up and down in Scarlet, or for his Countess to be lapped up in Flannel (while alive) as for one of her Dairy-Maids to flant it about in Cloth of Gold : But it hat



been as customary many Years ago, as it is now, for inferior People to vie with their Superiors in the Richness of Apparel; for when King *John* had given his Courtiers rich Liveries, *Hubert*, then Archbishop of *Canterbury*, would needs give his Servants the like, which gave no small Offence to his Majesty; and very well it might, when the Arrogance of Subjects would ape the Lion; for they should know, that the Cistern must not think to make so broad a Stream as the Fountain.

But besides People who are in the lowest Class of Plebeians, mimicking those fixed in an higher Orb; our Nation can never be satisfy'd (like the *Russians*, *Turks*, and *Spaniards*) with one Fashion, excepting the Men, who are now got into that decent and graceful Cut, which answers all the Parts and Members of the Body, to a most civil and proportionable End. However, the incomparable Vest and Tunick is to be excepted; which (tho' very comely in itself, very advantageous to the Drapers of the Kingdom, and perhaps was the most grave and manlike Dress that ever *England* saw) had the Unhappiness to be brought in too late, and the hard Fate to be sent out again too soon. This Fashion would have answer'd all the Expectations of publick Trade pretended by the Woollen Act; so that had our Gentlemen pleas'd to have danc'd in them any longer, the Farmers would very cheerfully have paid the Fiddlers. But we can never hold while it is well, such an Influence hath the *French* Pipe to make us caper after them in all their Follies, to our own Dishonour and Ruin.

Either this Fashion, or that we now wear, is abundantly more modest than the damnable Mode of a Hoop-Petticoat; this Invention of making  
the

the Devil of a Ring of Four or Five Yards about the Feet, to fight Prizes of Damnation in, surely must be first contriv'd and Worn by some Whore, to hide the Scandal of her forfeited Honour, and ever since it has been in such Vogue among her Sex, that they no more value the exposing the Half-Way-House to their *Ay-forsooths*, than a young *Actress* the Loss of her Soul, to make her A—se merry with Beaus, whose Swords lie dangling on their Thighs, with the same Luxury as their Wiggs (of the same Length) do sport themselves on their Breasts. Ah! had the Black Prince and the brave *Talbot* gone thus accouter'd into *France*, the *Fleurs-de-lis* had never perfum'd the Arms of *England*.

I admire our Ladies catch not Cold by the excessive Openness of their infernal Hoop-Petticoats; but Pride is insensible of Frigidity, so they never fear getting a Chin-Cough. O! *monstrum horrendum*, it is a most abominable Fashion; but yet they will follow it, because it impudently shews their Legs to the very Calves, the most part of their Smocks, a Pair of Silk Stockings, with Clocks of a Different Colour, and a Pair of Lac'd Shoes, for which (perhaps) Mr. *Crispin* will never be paid. Cook-Maids I do not so much blame for wearing them, because, being always by a Fire, they are very convenient to allay the Heat of their Bellies; and Ballad-Singers too are somewhat excusable in this Point, upon Account that the large Circumference about their daggled Tails, is good Fence against Pick-pockets coming too near their Purses. Tho' a Lady has Splavin Feet, or Legs bigger than any *Irish* Woman, she would expose her Defects in a *Hoop-Petticoat*, in Hopes that her wanton Airs above 'em might gain a Gallant; for her Sex now, before they



they are in the Teens, long to be as great Preachers as our *Quakers*, and therefore dress accordingly to ensnare some unthinking Puppy with delusive Charms. Among the Heresies that arose very early in the Church, there started up a Sect call'd the *Gnosticks*; whose Opinion was, that the upper Parts of an Human Body were made indeed by God, but the lower Parts, from the Girdle, they held, were made by the Devil, and very fond they grew of their Fancy, which they thought gave them a Liberty to do with the Devil's Part what they pleas'd, so long as they reserv'd the rest unto God; who must excuse them if they employ'd that (wherein he had no Title) unto the Service of Lust and the Devil. 'Tis to be fear'd, this Heresy insensibly has crept in among our Women, and got such a general Hold, that 'twere well if it has not improv'd and encroach'd beyond its first Limits; for it daily presumes to invade the poor Remains it has left unto God, by not leaving him an Eye or a Lip for his Service. Indeed, indeed, these diabolical Transactions are Provocations enough to incense Divine Wrath to afflict us with a Judgment as terrible as that in a neighbouring Nation, where the Pestilence rages in Defiance to the Skill of the most learned Physicians, without Regard to the Priests praying to Saints, without Pity to the Peoples frequenting Balls on a *Sunday*, and without Compassion to their King's prophaning the *Sabbath* at an *Opera*.

The Wearing of a *Hoop Petticoat* is most scandalous in a *Christian* Nation, for it's worn only for the Sake of Lewdness, and Propagation of unlawful Love, which is a *Metamorphosis* of Human Souls and Bodies into contrary Shapes; for after that the Impression of Lust, struck from the fading



Object of Beauty, has crept in at the Eye, and possess'd the Heart, we wholly deliver ourselves up to Sensuality. When a Man is enslav'd to Love, he is no more Master of himself. Did not *Cleopatra* govern *Mark Antony*? Might not this Princess boast herself to have reveng'd *Egypt* upon *Italy*, and to have subjected the *Roman* Empire, by putting him under her Laws, who govern'd it? This unfortunate Man liv'd only at the Pleasure of this Stranger, he did nothing but by her Motions; and never did Slave labour so much to win the good Will of his Master, as this effeminate Prince to win the good Will of his Mistress. Again, did not *Alexander the Great*, in a debauch'd Humour, at a drunken Feast, and by the Instigation of *Thais* the Concubine, set the rich and famous City of *Persepolis* on Fire? An Act which that great Monarch would have quench'd with his Tears; but preceeding Mischiefs are not amended by succeeding Lamentations. Well therefore might *Quintillian* say, *Sensum oculorum premit amor*, Love is blind; and *Parmeno* in the Comick affirm,

*In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia : Injurie,  
Suspiciones, inimicitia, inducia,  
Bellum, pax rursum.* Ter. Eun. Act. I. Sc. I.

And that Love is bitter as well as sweet, another Poet confirms the Assertion thus, with an Oath,

*Æcastor amor & melle & felle est.*

Plaut. Cist. Act. I. Sc. I.

Love is very much like Light, a Thing that every Body knows, and yet none can tell what to make of it. 'Tis not Money, Fortune, Joynture, Raving, Stabbing, Hanging, Romancing, Flouncing,



ing, Shooting, Swearing, Poysoning, Ramping, Drowning, Fighting, Dying; tho' all these have been, are, and will be still mistaken, and call'd for it, when 'tis reckon'd by our *Hoop-Petticoat* Tribe to be a pretty little soft Thing, that plays about the Heart; And truly, so much I will say, where there is an Union of Hearts betwixt a Man and his Wife, that is (or at least ought to be) a true and solid Love. But unlawful Love is dangerous; for it put all *Greece* into Arms, and the Flames thereof reduced the goodliest City in all *Asia* to Ashes, to recover *Helen*: However, Love, though it be Master of Passions, was never able to make a whole Town enamour'd with one Woman; for *Helen* had but a few Lovers, and of so many Captains as fought for her at the Siege of *Troy*, none but her Adulterer and her Husband were captivated with her Beauty. Poets who interest themselves in its Greatness will have it pass for a God; and lest Men may blame the Violence of Love, they give it a stately Name, and endeavour to excuse the true Fury thereof by a false Piety, according to this of the Tragedian,

*Deum esse amorem, turpiter vitio favens*

*Finxit libido: Quoque liberior foret,*

*Titulum furori numinis falsi addidit.*

Sen. Hipp. Act. I.

If we rightly consider it, Love is begot only of a Fancy, and an idle itching Humour, not worthy a sober Man's Thought. Yet as idle as it is, such is its Universality and sovereign Power, that it has given Occasion to the Poets, to esteem him a God of the first Rank, commanding *Jupiter* himself to descend in a golden Shower, and to be metamorphos'd into other Shapes to enjoy

his Desire; sullen Saturn was actuated by *Cupid's* Dart, and became his meer slave all over *Creet*; *Mars*, the furious God of War, could not resist his Stroaks, but became his Captive; in the like Manner he insulted over *Mercury*, *Pan* and *Bacchus*; frigid *ynthia* bewail'd the Tortures he put her to for *Endymion*; and *Apollo* that could cure all Diseases, could not find out a Remedy for his own Wound. Nay, he spar'd not his own Mother *Venus*, but tost her from Pillar to Post, from Heaven to Mount *Ida* for *Anchises*; notwithstanding she threaten'd to clip his Wings, break his Bow, and at last whipt him. Neither doth he tyrannize thus over the Gods only, but Devils too; Instances of which appear from the innumerable Relations of the *Incubi*, *Succubi*, *Satyrs*, and *Nymphs*, wh<sup>o</sup> were nothing indeed but Devils: Yea, *Moses* tells us, the Sons of God (which were the Angels) came in unto the Daughters of Men, and they bare Children to them, *Gen. 6. 2, 4.* which were Giants; and this Opinion is also by a Father of the Church thus confirm'd *Deus misit Angelos ad tutelam cultumque generis humani: Itaque illos cum hominibus commorantes, Dominator ille terræ fallacissimus, consuetudine ipsa paulatim ad vitia pellexit, & mulierum congressibus inquinavit.* *Lact. de virg. err. lib 2. cap. 15.* But it is more common with the infernal Angels, who have frequently copulated with Men and Women, if we may believe the Stories of one *Barbara Vertubers*, and a Gentlemen of *Bavaria*; the first of whom confess'd *Anno 1624*, she had often lain with the Devil, and was impregnated by him of two hirsute Creatures like Mice, hairy, and that Black, which she bore but a Month before she was deliver'd. The other excessively lamenting the Loss of his Wife, the Devil in her Likeness came  
and



and comforted him, promising to come and live with him again, if he would leave his cursing and swearing, which he was much addicted to, and be new marry'd; which he consenting to, he liv'd with this cunning *Succubus*, she govern'd his House, and had many Children by him, but was always pale and melancholly, till one Day she fell out with him, and he swearing at her, she immediately vanish'd, and was never seen more.

Some will tell us Stories of the *Præludiums* of Love, which Souls act in the *Proscenium* of the other World, before they enter upon the Stage of this. That Souls descended from the Stars of their Nativity, still imitate their Manners and Conjunctions. That as often as the wantonly dispos'd Planets treat one another with Quintile Aspects, and burn with a nearer Flame, then 'tis wrong Time among Men. That as often as they mingle Embraces with their conjugal Rays, then they kindle Marriage-Torches here below. And lastly that they do not only shew us Mortals the Way, and prosper us in it, but also make Matches, and betroth us here on Earth. But my Philosophy assures me, that it is not the Heat of Heaven, for any Thing in Heaven has nothing to do with Pride and Voluptuousness, but that native one of Lust, which now inflames our Beaus and Hoop-Petticoat Ladies, to an ardent Desire of carnal Society, without any Obligation to *Hymen*. For how often shall you see a Rake flourishing his Sword in the midst of twenty G—D—, upon the Account of some *Bona Roba*, or his prostituted Mistress? Tho' his Lover will not (any more than hers for her) venture thro' Fire, yet he'll venture to run thro' other Dangers, according to this of the Poet.

*Ibis per gladios, noster amor, Ovid. Epist.*

I shall

I shall not here go about to make any Exposition on this Question of Solomon, the wisest of all Men, *Who can find a virtuous Woman?* Pro. 31. 10. but tho' I'm not so uncharitable as to think all Women bad; yet I'm not so credulous as to believe all are good. Thus much I know of the Sex, that few good are to be found among 'em; and that when they prove bad, they are the vilest Creatures upon Earth; for *optimi corruptio pessima*, the best Things corrupted, become the worst: Therefore, 'tis my Opinion, Seneca's Character of them is not too lashing in these Lines,

*Sed dux malorum fœmina & scelerum artifex  
Obsedit animos, cujus incesta stupris  
Fumant tot urbes, bella tot gentes gerunt,  
Et versa ab imo regna tot populos premunt.*

Hipp. Act. 2.

And I'll affirm Catullus's Description of the Inconstancy of them is as true, where he says,

*Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle,  
Quam mihi; non si se Jupiter ipse petat,  
Dicit; sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,  
In vento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.*

Carm. 71.

Thus Englished.

*My Sweetheart swears, she'll leave all Men for me,  
Yea, tho' great Jove himself shou'd Suiter be:  
She says it; but what Woman swears to kind  
True Lovers, may be writ in Streams and Wind.*

But



But now to the Devil's Whirligig again, an *Hoop-Petticoat*, prejudicial both to young or old; for she that is growing up fit for Man's Meat, may, by some Spark measuring the Dimensions of her Hoop, be rotten before she's ripe; and the *Beldam* (whose Locks as grey as a Badger, proclaim her *Methuselah's* Sister, or the eldest Daughter of Time) thro' a voluntary catching cold in her inferior Parts, becomes a *Felo de se*, or Guilty of Self-Murder: But an *Hoop-Petticoat* they will have; or else it would be as great a Mortification to them as *Lent* to a poor Player. Nothing but a Want of Shame, can be the Production of the Impudence, of being hoop'd about the Legs; it plainly shews the lecherous Ambition of a Virgin, (if there is any such Thing in *England* at Thirteen) excels *Eve's* aspiring to be a Goddess, the Wife designs to qualify her Husband for *Horn Fair*, and the Widow willing to let her fore Room, to the first that gives her a good Treat. If a Woman would but consider, the preposterous Figure she makes in a *Hoop-Petticoat*, whether riding, walking, standing or lying, she would quite and clean forswear it; for in a Coach or Sedan her Coats are up above her Knees; if walking by a Man or a Post, her fideling Motions exceed the Postures of the *Royal Sovereign* in *Drury Hundred*; if standing, her deform'd Bulk from the Waste to her Heels, exposes her for a Monster; and if lying on a Couch, she makes a lively Representation of the Gates of Hell, without a *Cerberus*, or triple-headed Dog to guard them. But to excuse this indecent and unbecoming Pride, which is rivetted as close to them as the Itch to the Blue-coat Boys of *Christ's Hospital*, or mobbing to the Blue-waistcoat Prentices of *Bridewell*, they'll say, 'tis pretty, handsome, and genteel



to follow any Thing of the Court-Fashion. A poor Excuse indeed ! If a Courtier will flatter for his Bread, lie for Profit, or cheat his Creditors, and so run to the Devil headlong ; must they follow him ? Ay, to be sure, if it is the Fashion. Oh ! the unconquerable Force of Pride, that Woman should go to the Devil for the Sake of an *Hoop-Petticoat* ; and unhappy is that poor Man that is plagu'd with her : For,

*Destructive War, Death, Pestilence and Fire,  
When they with Heaven's consuming Wrath conspire,  
Can scarcely in their dire Effects be worse,  
Or prove to human Kind a greater Curse  
Than such a Wife, whose Pride will soon undo  
Herself, her Husband, and her Children too.*

But now Woman consider, though the whole Creation here is rifled for the Furniture of your Table, tho' the *Indian Rocks* resign up their sparkling Diamonds to grace your Bosoms, and tho' you celebrate an uninterrupted Holy-Day of Joy and Pleasure, through the whole Series of Life ; yet will a saucy Disease intrude upon you at last, unpin the Foundation of all these ravishing Glories, and tumble you into Rottenness and the Grave. Conscience within, will torture your unwilling Ears, with the dismal Tidings of an approaching Dissolution, and Death itself will hardly be brib'd to the Civility of giving Respite, while you chaunt out *Adrian's* dying Notes, O ! *animula blandula, vagula, quo nunc abibis ?* O ! my miserable, darling Soul, into what Shades art thou now passing ! This is the unavoidable Decree of Heaven, the irreversibile Decree of Fate, which all the Powers of created Strength and Policy, will never prevail to revoke.





A N E W  
S A T Y R,

*For the Use of the Female  
Voluntiers in Hyde-Park.*



Almighty, Sacred, and Eternal Jove!  
Thro' all thy Magazines of Light-  
ning rove,  
And smite with Thunderbolts that  
treach'rous Boy,

Who blest Creation only does destroy.  
Exclude him Heaven, banish thence his Name,  
And blast his Trophies with perpetual Shame;  
Whilst I, with daring Satyr, here on Earth,  
Damn his leud Mother, and his spurious Birth.  
For as the Plagues, which do torment the World,  
By *Vulcan's* Wife, and *Cupid* too, are hurl'd,

The leach'rous Goddeſs, and blind God of Luſt,  
 Shall, by my *Pen*, be moſt ſeverely curſt.

*Venus* ! That durſt defile her Huſband's Bed  
 With *Phæbus*, to deform her Cuckold's Head :  
*Venus* ! That cou'd to mortal Sight reveal,  
 On *Ida*, what chaſte Women ſhou'd conceal :  
 Thy gaudy Habit, and lacivious Pride  
 Of naked Virgins running by thy Side ;  
 With *Cupid* flouriſhing his golden Dart,  
 Bath'd in the Blood of ſome enamour'd Heart ;  
 As billing Turtles do thy Chariot draw,  
 Proclaim thee Whore, by Earth and Heaven's Law.  
 Our *Chriſtian* Painters the beſt Painters be  
 Of Love that's real ; painting *Charity*  
 With Children at her Knees, one at her Breſt,  
 And in the Ornaments of Goodneſs dreſt.  
 She Alms does give to ſuch as ſtand in Need,  
 The Naked cloaths, and all the Hungry feed ;  
 Gives Council to ſuch People that are weak  
 In Knowledge ; is religious, juſt, and meek :  
 Which Virtues, and celeftial Graces, prove  
 Bleſt *Charity*, not *Venus*, Queen of Love.

Then farewell Luſt, which is the Oppoſite  
 To that which does the pureſt God delight ;  
 For Luſt it was which *Eden* did defile,  
 Or elſe the *Serpent* cou'd not *Eve* beguile,



To that Excess, which wholly damn'd her Seed,  
And made the Womb, for all its Pleasure, bleed :  
Had she but stood in her Integrity,  
Her Sex had been from all Pollutions free ;  
They had not (like blest *Mary*) felt the Pain,  
Which makes 'em all in Childbed now complain.  
O! Lust infernal, at the Bar appear,  
I'll be thy Judge, and Executioner ;  
The Witnesses are ready to exclaim  
Against thy Leudness, Incests, Fraud, and Shame ;  
*Lamech*, the Proto-Bigamite, arise,  
To be an Evidence at this Assize ;  
And tell by the Plurality of Wives,  
In Times, when Death afforded longer Lives,  
Thou didst design to fill the World apace,  
By the Supplies of an unlawful Race.  
From Sleep Four Thousand Years, wake drunken  
Lot,

And shew the cursed Off-spring you begot ;  
The *Ammonitish* Brood, and *Moabites*,  
Born to be slain in *Israelitish* Fights.  
*Sampson*, expose false *Dalilah*, the Whore  
That gave thee to th'uncircumcised's Pow'r,  
To be insulted, 'till thy sudden Fate  
Did thy Destruction in Destruction date.  
And *Amnon*, with thy Sister, leave the Dead,  
Who sacrific'd to Lust her Maidenhead.  
Great *Priam*, shew the Ruins of a Town,  
Which was by *Greece*, for *Hellen* batter'd down.

And *Nero* tell, thy Mother's ript up the Womb  
Had happy been, had it but prov'd thy Tomb.

These Instances condemn the Lechery  
Of such-like Jilts as wicked *Rhodope* ;  
Whose Lust shou'd make one ask, e'er 'tis too late,  
Who'll buy Repentance at too dear a Rate ?  
But e'er I Sentence pass on the Offence  
Of *Venus*, see her farther Insolence ;  
What Crouds of foolish Martyrs, that were Slaves  
To Love, descend to their corrupted Graves !  
With Ropes, and Poyson, like a num'rous Host,  
Damn'd for their Sin against the *H—G—* ;  
Whilst ghastly Troats cut deep, do bleed afresh,  
T'impeach their Murderer, rebellious Flesh.  
Poor Infants drown'd in Ordure, seem to cry  
For Vengeance on their Mothers Cruelty :  
And others ask, what Doom the Lust deserv'd,  
Which got 'em, by a Parish to be starv'd ?  
Yet hold, this is not all I have to say  
Of Love, who bears an arbitrary Sway ;  
Bidding Defiance to a modest Shame,  
'Gainst Nature's common Course, her quenchless  
Flame

As such Pollutions, in unlawful Ways,  
Which do the very Damn'd in Hell amaze ;  
*Martial* and tart *Petronius* too were pos'd,  
When Vices by them could not be disclos'd,

For



For want of Names ; I mean the *Spintrian* Sport,  
*Tiberius* us'd in his debauched Court :  
The Tyrant's changing *Sporus* from his Kind,  
To cool th'Imaginations of his Mind.  
The Leacher's Fancy, that cou'd take Delight  
With *Venus Gnidia's* Statue in the Night.  
And those *Pollinctors*, who wou'd often bed  
With the embalmed Bodies of the Dead.  
But how excessive was th'inglorious Lust,  
That made the filthy *Sodomites* accurst ?  
It egg'd 'em on so much, to slight the Rod  
Of an all-seeing and revengeful God,  
That in Conjunction they did strive to joyn  
With Substances etherial and divine ;  
As if it was their Thoughts to get a Race  
Of *Demi-Gods*, to guard that cursed Place :  
But tho' a Spirit, in both Sexes, may  
Use carnal Sports, which sensual Thoughts allay,  
Assume, contrive, or steal a Shape, wherein  
Action may please decrepit Lust and Sin,  
Or with more active Ven'ries satisfy  
The Passion, which longs for Carnality ;  
Yet thro' them both, not their Endeavours can,  
From such-like Copulation make a Man.

*Venus!* Thou'rt guilty found of Murder, Pride,  
Adult'ry, Fornication, Suicide,  
Which Storms of Love declare thy Deity  
To be the raging-Off-spring of the Sea ;

The

The Monthly Stories, written by *Lorrain*,  
Shew, all the executed Souls complain,  
That Women brought 'em to the Misery  
Of an untimely Death upon the Tree.  
From the first planting *Paradise* thou'st reign'd,  
And Man's Salvation ever since disdain'd ;  
For *Solomon*, long since, has ask'd Mankind  
Who's he that can a *virtuous Woman* find ?  
That cursed Sex, in Spite of daring Fate,  
Will ruin Children, Body, and Estate,  
To send their dull deceived Husbands where  
The Rabble celebrates our *Cuckold's Fair*.  
In *Tholsel* Time, or Hurry on th'*Exchange*,  
How Wives for carnal Copulation range!  
Like *Leah*, who her *Mandrakes* gave away,  
That she might with the Toys of *Cupid* play,  
Women wou'd part with all they had, to taste  
The Fruit which damns the Soul, and Body waste.  
What vain Discourse, which draws from Virtue  
Tears,

In the Assaults of Love invades the Ears!  
If *Rachel*, whom the *Word* declares to be  
A faithful Wife, endu'd with Chastity,  
Cou'd tell to *Laban*, to conceal her Theft,  
When she no Gods had for her Father left,  
That she had the Exuberance of Blood,  
Which monthly drains from Nature's common  
Flood,

What



What foul Discourse then must we hear from those,  
Who do their Chastity for Bread expose?  
Ah! fly inconstant Love, to Eastern Realms,  
Where most lascivious Kings sit at their Helms;  
In their *Seraglio's* you soon may find  
The Height of Lust to your Embraces kind;  
Yea, *Eunuchs* too, who'll (tho' they Tools do need)  
Fain do the Act, but can't perform the Deed.

*Mithrobarzanes*! By your Magick Art,  
Conduct my angry *Muse* to ev'ry Part  
Of *Pluto's* Realm, where I may dip my Pen  
In *Styx*, to write against the Plague of Men;  
For none, I think, can write of them so well,  
But that that's brought from the Confines of Hell  
Their lasting Scandal, not their Lust, shall be  
Retain'd within my anger'd Memory;  
Wherefore, the Letters which their Deeds do sound,  
No more shall in our *Alphabet* be found,  
So let another *Palamedes* find  
New Characters, which may express the Mind.  
But if they must be used still, I crave,  
Since Harlots slighted Honesty out-brave,  
They may be us'd as Signets of Disgrace,  
In burning Malefactors on the Face.  
Perfidious Wretches! Strumpets! Devils! Hags!  
Whose Names stink worser than your menstruous  
Rags,

No

No Objects may you see, but what will fright  
The very Regents of eternal Night.

A mobbish Hollowing their Ears invade,  
For Whoredom, louder than what's yearly made  
By Boys, that with their Beadles go about,  
To mark the Limits of a Parish out.

May they no other Scents, nor Sweetness smell,  
But the supposed Fuel burnt in Hell.

O! stop — my angry Spleen's not yet at rest,  
As yet I have but only curst in Jest;

Such, who their wanton Customers to please,  
Wou'd rail against their God for Bread and Cheese;  
For Culls they visit *Playhouse*, or the *Park*,  
*Tate*, *Raymund*, *Betty Sands*, or *Madam Clark*,  
*Mabellab Turner*, *Rosdel*, *Smallwood*, *Crew*,  
*Hays*, *Robinson*, and *Betty Davis* too;  
For any of these Ladies understood

The am'rous Way of pleasing Flesh and Blood;  
For in that sacred Place, where Kings are crown'd,  
They've tasted Love on consecrated Ground,  
And on the Stone Sepulchres of the Dead  
Have often to the Arms of Lovers fled.

Ye Gods look down, if any Gods there be,  
And thus torment 'em, if ye'll humour me:  
If marry'd, grant their Husbands feeble quite,  
To tantalize their craving Lust at Night;  
But if the Want of carnal Sport, in Sleep  
Shou'd make their foul Conception Vessels drip,

Grant



Grant the lewd Dreams, which play about their  
Smocks,  
May give their false Delight a swindging Pox.  
Then by this *Indian* Plague laid on a Bed  
Of Torture, may they Death and Judgment dread;  
Yet so impenitent, as not to care  
For Heav'n, by saying one relenting Pray'r.

O! could the Learned find but some Receipt,  
Which might perform the great and happy Feat,  
Of making Man without the Woman's Seed,  
Then wou'd our noble Sex be blest indeed.  
I wish we cou'd like Trees, to change our State  
Of Woe, without Conjunction procreate,  
For this wou'd be the only Way, to bring  
Man to pay Homage to this heavenly King.  
But why do I wish this? 'Tis all in Vain,  
The common Course of Nature still must reign,  
Whilst we usurp the Glory of that Fall,  
Which does poor Mortals to Damnation call.

Love! Love! That's fly and false, fly, fly from  
me,  
With all the *Spanish* Rage of Jealousy,  
That poyson'd Passion which disturbs the Breast,  
And robs perplexed Lovers of their Rest.

Give me some Solitude, or sweet Retreat,  
 Free from the Cares of Love, and of the Great,  
 Where I may, till a Change appoints my End,  
 Enjoy my *Book*, my *Bottle*, and my *Friend*.

In this Retirement, no deluding Charm  
 Shou'd e'er surprize my Soul, nor Heart alarm,  
 And make me to some fluttish, cheating She,  
 Cry, *Phillis*! Wilt thou ever torture me?  
 How long fair *Phillis*, shall I sigh in Vain?  
 How long of thy great Cruelty complain?  
 No Sympathy of Love shou'd e'er disgrace  
 My Manhood, Sense, nor discompose my Face;  
 Nor make me, when a Rival does appear,  
 Expostulate with one I stile, my Dear,  
 In soft Expressions; and t'enlarge the Theme,  
 Against a Deity that's true, Blaspheme,  
 In telling fickle Sweet-Heart, Wife, or Whore,  
 She is the only Person I adore;  
 Calling her Angel, Goddess, and the Soul  
 Which does my very Heart and Sense controul.

Curse the fond Fool! That in an Ecstasy,  
 Cries to some Jilt, what Beauty's this I see!  
 Whose Shape's so charming sweet, and Face  
 divine,  
 Oh! Heaven, I wish the matchless Creature mine  
 Alas! What Raptures by my Soul are felt,  
 My Eyes enchanted be, my Heart will melt,

My



My Thoughts with Love were ne'er inflam'd  
before,

But now, thro' *Cupid*, they run o'er and o'er;  
They burn, and force me to salute thy Hand,  
Dear Madam! Thy blest Charms I can't withstand.  
The cunning Harlot with pretended Shame,  
Resigns her Soul and Body to his Flame;  
Tells decoy'd Cully, his sweet Tongue, and Sense  
Have charm'd her Virtue with such Excellence,  
So much do animate her youthful Blood,  
That 'twere a Sin if they shou'd be withstood.  
His noble Form so much her Heart does move,  
That it can think on nothing else but Love;  
Till now, she was to Love an Enemy,  
But is inflam'd by his Captivity;  
Which makes her wonder what in him should  
force.

Her great Aversion from its wonted Course;  
Yet as her Heart within his Breast does sit,  
Prove not unkind, but nurse and cherish it;  
Pardon her Blushes, Tears, and secret Shame,  
Which do her pure, unspotted Virtue blame.

Thus having ty'd the poor unthinking Sot,  
To her Delusions, with a *Gordian* Knot,  
In Bed to make him think he is the first,  
That has her blooming Youth for Vices nurse,  
And really nipt (in am'rous Heat of Blood)  
The tender Blossoms of her Virgin Bud,

She struggles like a Lass of man afraid,  
 And shews the great Transportings of a Maid;  
 Till quite fatigu'd, and spent with seeming shy,  
 Of that from which her Sex will never fly,  
 With Sighs, the wheedling Language of the Heart,  
 She thus displays the Charms of *Cupid's* Art,  
 She pants, and then her circling Arms she flings  
 About his Neck, and to his Middle clings;  
 Crying, as she does languish with her Eyes,  
 Oh!— fie my Dear! my Virtue don't surprize;  
 Oh! now —'tis done; but what is it I feel?  
 The Force of Love does make my Senses reel;  
 Alas! 'tis such a pretty tingling Smart,  
 That it does more, and more, invade my Heart.  
 Oh! raptur'd Love increases on me still,  
 And makes me pray that it may never chill;  
 Alas! the Pleasure, tho' 'tis mixt with Pain,  
 I wish it might an endless Age remain.

But if in Bed, a Jilt's Dexterity  
 Makes Lust seem one continu'd Ecstasy,  
 And may each Moment in its Joys transcend,  
 To make the sensual for Delight contend,  
 Yet will the violent Heat of Love decay,  
 And moulder like old Monuments away.  
 True Love at best is but a pamper'd Cheat,  
 Gilded with Trouble, Sorrow and Deceit.  
 Mortals their own Affections so may choose,  
 As all the Snares of *Venus* to refuse;



Sham Melting, treacherous Kissing, fond Desire,  
That with insatiate Rage craves to expire  
In lustful Sports, and Revels of the Night,  
Are all but fleeting Shadows of Delight.  
When Vigour's fled from its resistless Charm,  
To soft Embraces, hugging Arm in Arm,  
And Lips from am'rous Kissing do remove,  
To tell a thousand fictitious Tales of Love,  
In such a soft, emphatick, fine Discourse,  
As might their fainting Passions reinforce,  
This does but heighten *Adam's* foul Offence,  
Which could not guard his sacred Innocence,  
From losing those Abodes, where Man might find  
Love in eternal Chains of Joy combin'd;  
Where Youth and Beauty is all Ecstasy,  
From all deceitful Interruptions free;  
Where (not like earthly Love disturb'd with Care)  
Each blessed Minute does new Pleasures bear.  
Uncleanness leave to mount the glorious Throne,  
Where Love is up to Adoration grown,  
And am'rous Sighs do turn to holy Pray'r,  
Let's gain of that transcendant Bliss a Share.

But by our Sin we are by Heaven bereav'd  
Of Joys, that Lovers else wou'd have receiv'd;  
Oh! Now our manly Nature's kept in Awe  
Of Lust, which gives the Universe a Law,  
By which poor mortals are too often sway'd  
Till most invet'rate *Poxes* are obey'd.

But

But that I wond'r at most is, what Delight  
 Mankind can take in any Female Fight ;  
 For when the short-liv'd Act (which hot Desire  
 Does wish to lay beyond the *Vestal* Fire)  
 Is vanish'd, and the vulgar, common Way  
 Of hot Coition hath a full Decay ;  
 The foolish Deed (tho' acted with a Wife)  
 Makes Man that's wise, ashamed of his Life ;  
 Nor is there any Thing that more dejects  
 The cool'd Imagination of our Sex,  
 If he'll but ponder, and consider, all  
 This Lust was hatch'd by our first Parents Fall.

When flaming Heat of burning Love's allay'd,  
 The *Insurrectio Carnis* is disinay'd,  
 And flies, when all its Ammunition's spent,  
 From the Pullutions of blind *Cupid's* Tent ;  
 Then no Intreaty of fair *Quarters* can  
 Incite the Courage of the beaten Man,  
 To mount the Turrets of his Dear again,  
 Lacivious Touches sound to Arms in vain ;  
 Soft Kisses, heaving Breasts, and longing Eyes,  
 Cannot the cloy'd, and loathing Thoughts sur-  
 prize ;

He sneaks away to sleep, whilst sleeping's good,  
 And be refreshed for his Loss of Blood.

Again, when Nature wou'd discharge its Flame,  
 But Lust wou'd stop it, to prolong the Game,

Yet



Yet Titillation will a Passage find,  
Which much dissatisfies the eager Mind.

If this is all the Joy which Men pursue,  
Till precious Soul and Body they undo,  
*Venus!* The Goddess of Deceit and Shame,  
And fickle as the false *Ephesian* Dame,  
This Sentence I pass on thy sundry Crimes,  
Pernicious to the past and present Times;  
Without Respect to thy alluring Face,  
Thou must be banish'd to the fatal Place,  
Where foolish, idle Lovers that despair,  
With Howls and frightful Shrieks do fill the Air;  
Then, like the *Levite's* Concubine, you must  
Be atomiz'd, by quartering to Dust;  
And with the Damn'd your Lust shall then re-  
main,  
In Flames that burn with everlasting Pain.

F I N I S.



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